

To the person
for whom this
is written.

You Know Who
You Are.



SEINDE

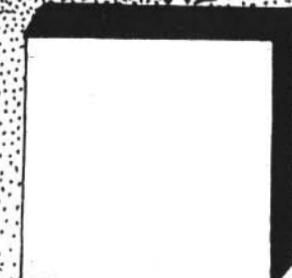
FUCK

ME

MALE

MALE

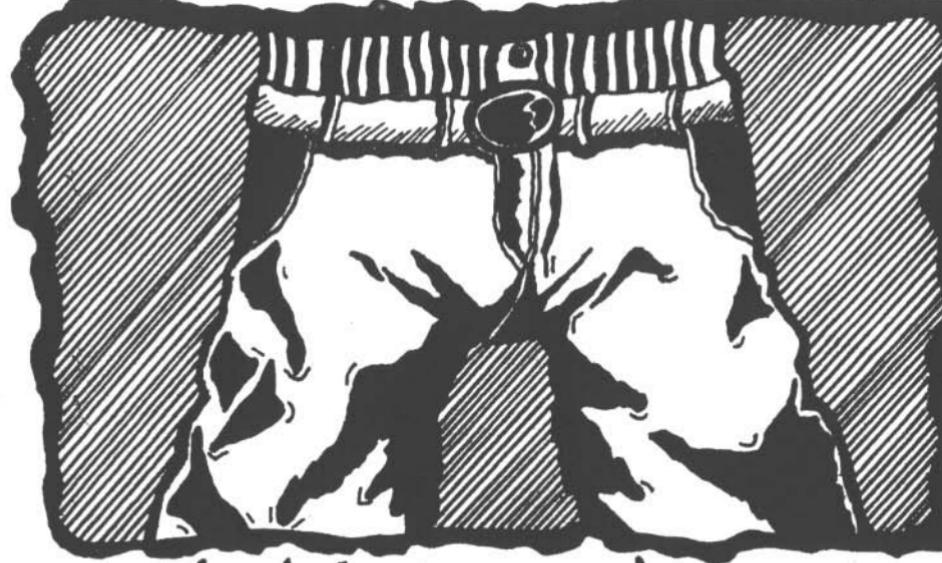
FEMALE



• Jess Dicci

Vanilla incense reaches my nose, reminding me of
the Mr. Softie I shoved into my small
size briefs this morning, rushing out
the door to another day of
GENDERFUCKING
the world.





The bulge in my pants was

EXUBERANT

the scent of Vanilla remaining

on my hand,
a scent which
I have come
to associate,
oddly enough,
with

MASCULINITY.



But...



Not nearly as
nice as the
smell of you
on my hands
in the morning.

Or as I'm
walking home
in the dark
breathing
your scent,
reminiscing.



W
A
N
T
I
N
G



to be on top of you again
and ride

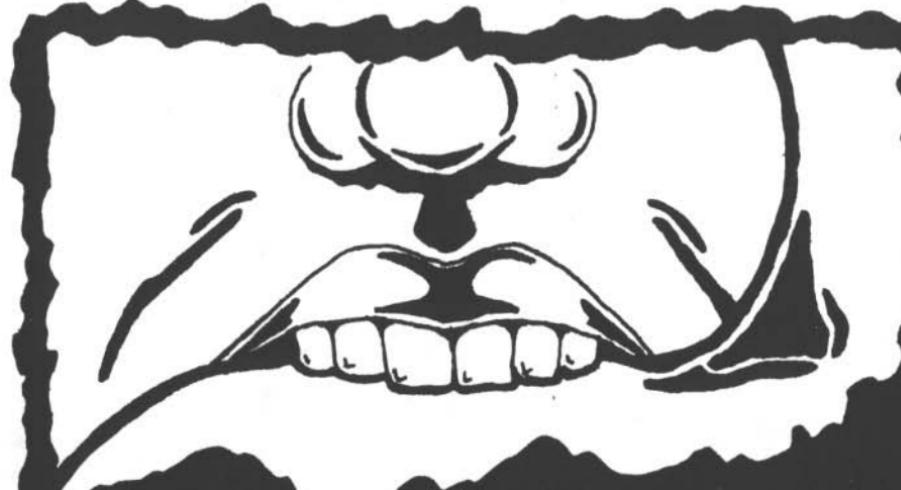


until I
fall off
with
glorious
EXHAUSTION

Wanting to press
Myself into you as
you call out
MY NAME,
your hands tightly
gripping and slipping

DOWN
the
sweat
ON
my
back





...Your teeth
ON MY
Shoulder.



Strength



meets VULnerability,

AND DESIRE

-Becomes-

PLEASURE



And My Body Has Been

RE
NAM
E
D

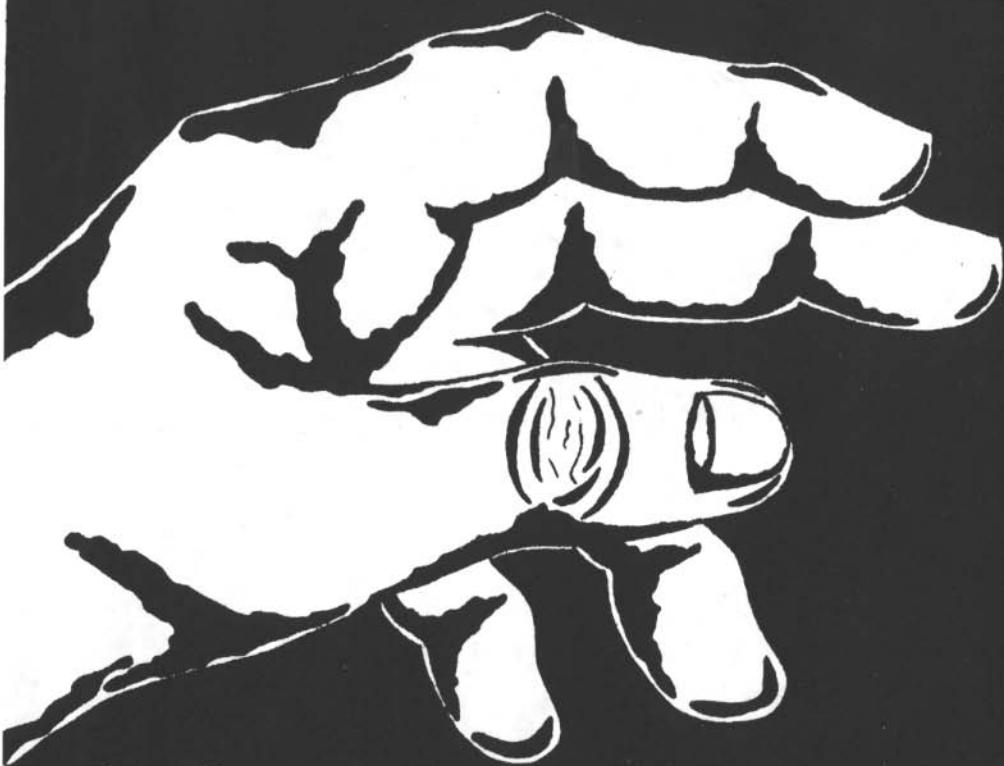


And Our
GENDER
Has Been

F
U
C
K
E
D



As I Fuck You



With my
DECK
of a hand

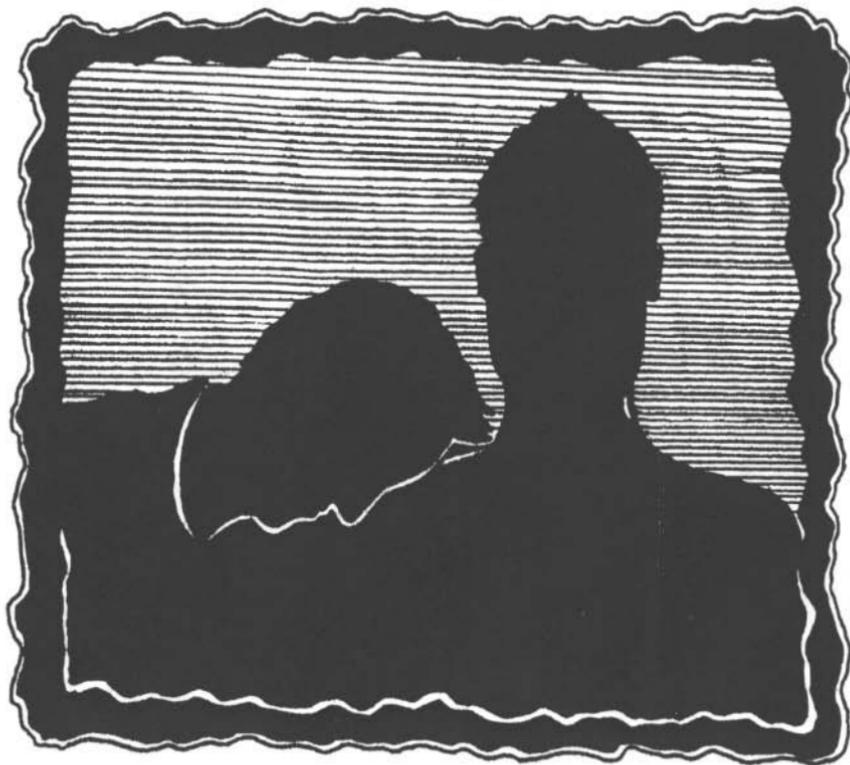
AND YOU UNDERSTAND

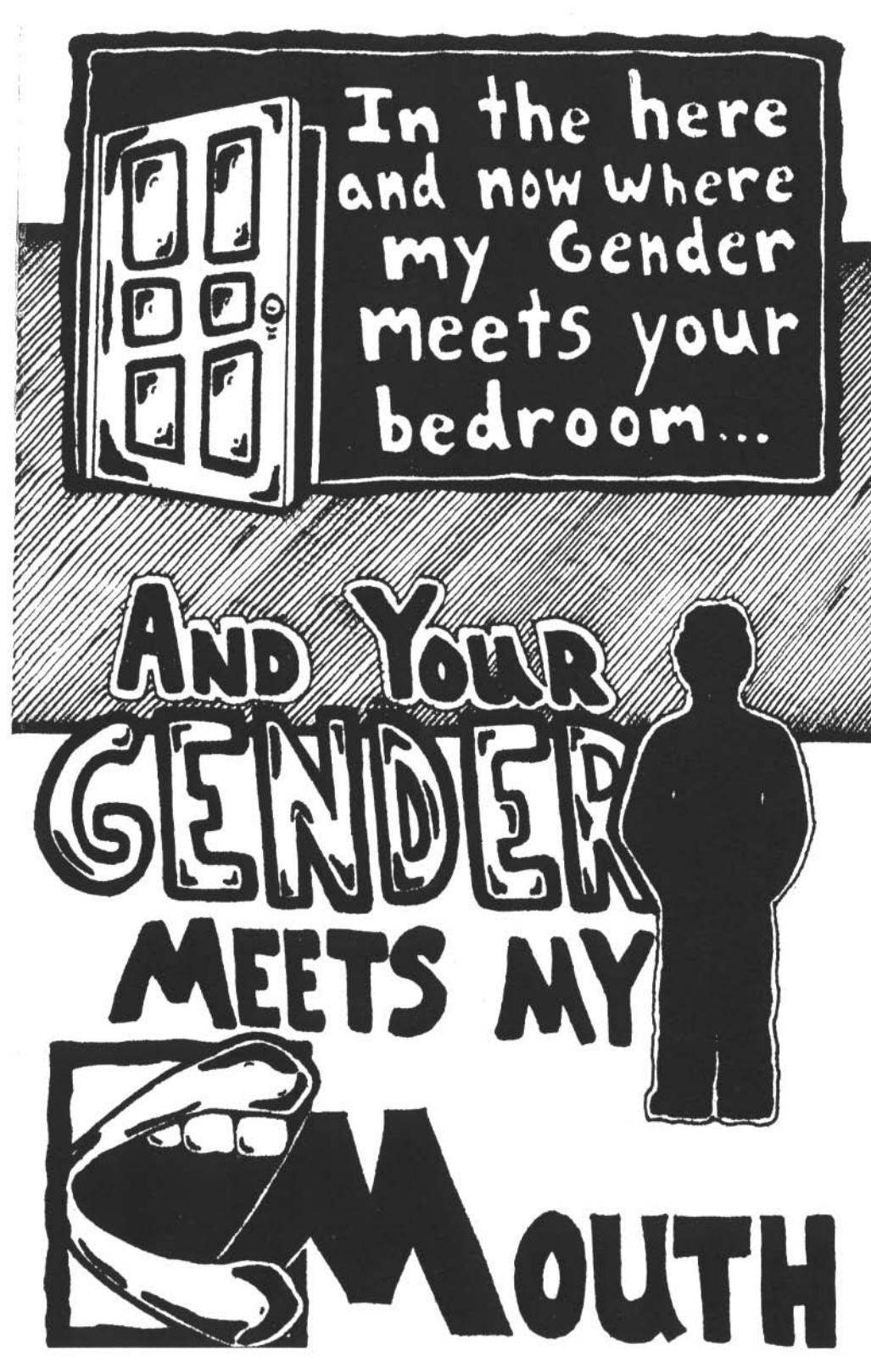
**that
the
BOY
DYKE
ON TOP
of
You is**



Sometimes a MAN

AND WE'RE
Sometimes 
CAGS, But
WE'RE ALWAYS QUEER.





In the here
and now where
my Gender
meets your
bedroom...

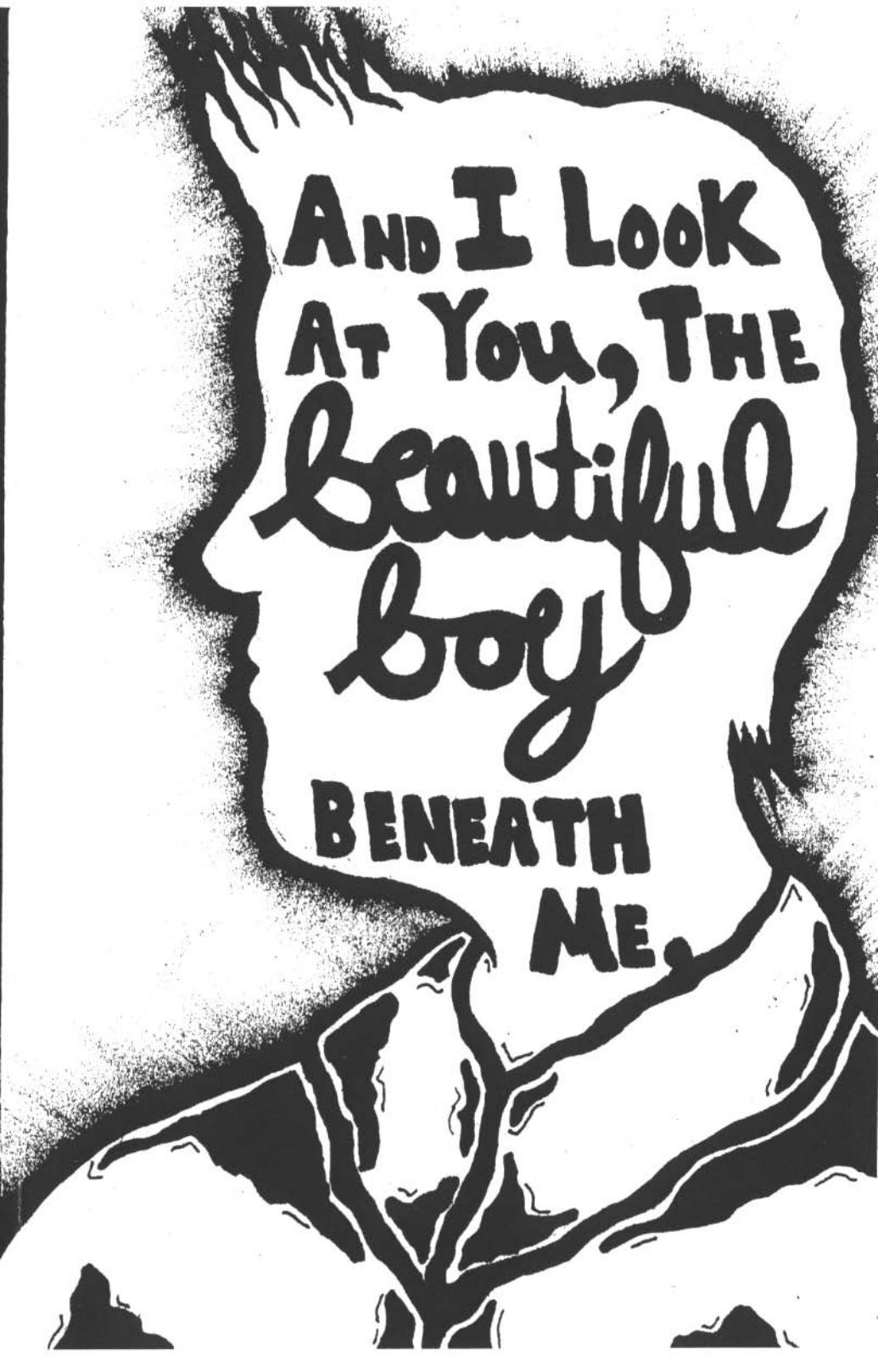
And Your
GENDER
MEETS MY
MOUTH

And
Our
Minds
Collide,



The
DISAPPEARANCE OF TIME
has come and gone...





And I look
at you, the
beautiful
boy
beneath
me.

**THEN I KISS YOU
LONG AND HARD ...**



**and relish
in what we
have created,**

THE MAGIC
THROUGH YOUR
EYES,
THE WAY YOU
PULL ME
AGAINST
YOU AS
THE BOY I AM



AND HOLD THE



BIG

~ IN My PANTS ~

AND SHOW
ME THAT YOU
UNDERSTAND.



**THERE'S NO
NEED**

**FOR
EXPLANATORY
WORDS.**

I Don't Have To

**SPEAK
TO Be
HEARD,**

JUST EXIST
IN THE MIDST OF

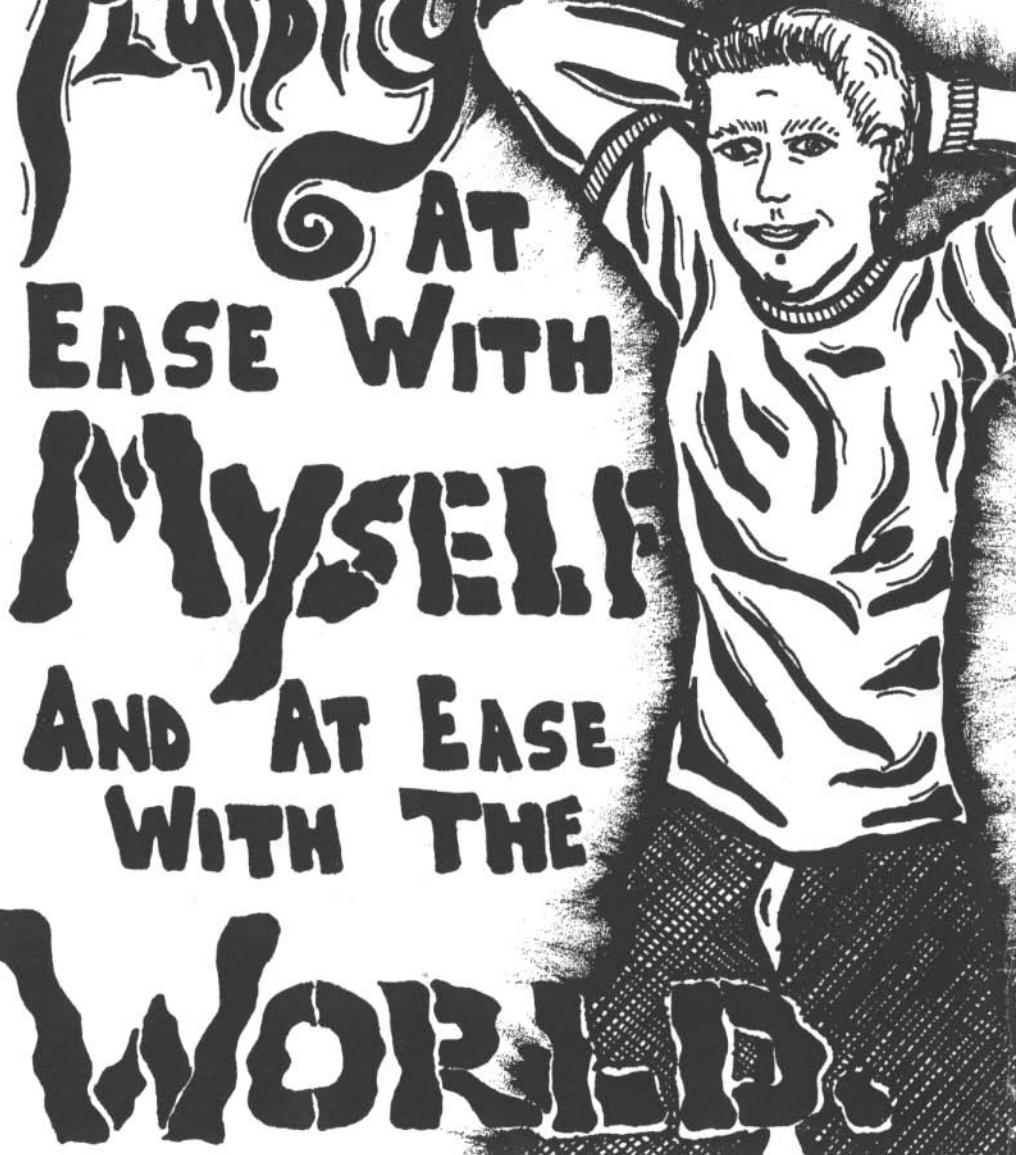
EXIST
AT

EASE WITH

MYSelf

AND AT EASE
WITH THE

WORLD.



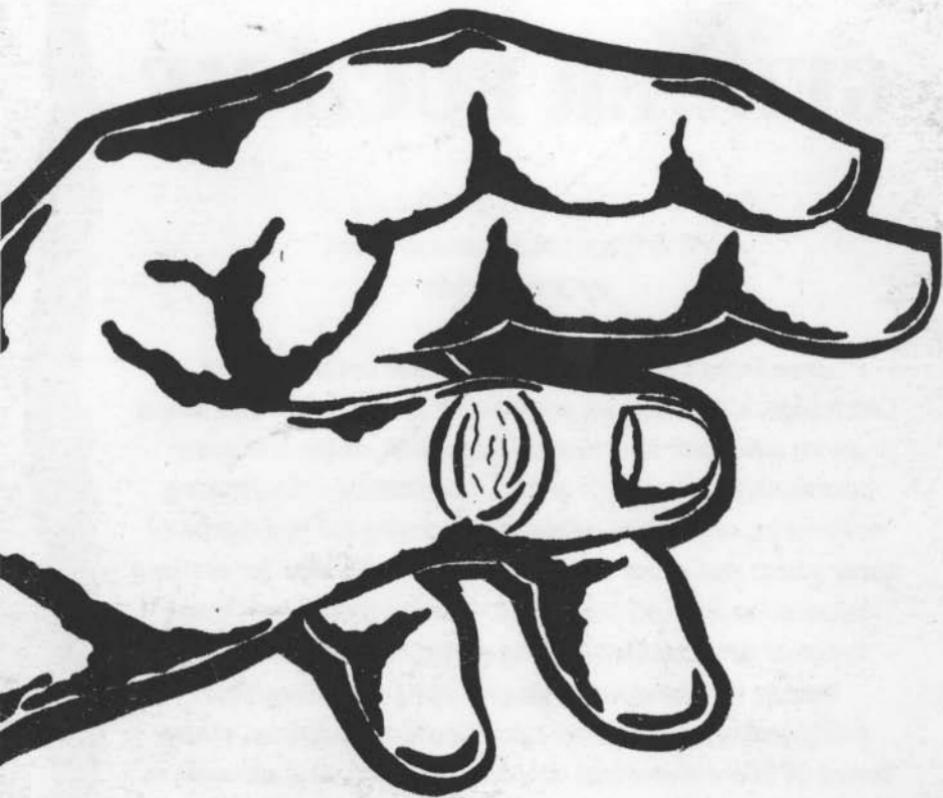
GENDER FUCK ME

Copyright 2003

All original writing and artwork
by Jess Dugan

Jess Dugan is a queer, genderqueer artist living in Cambridge, MA. He is an activist for queer rights and works as an advocate for tobacco education within the queer community. Along with giving presentations, facilitating workshops, organizing rallies, and fighting for the rights of queer youth and queer people everywhere, he lives for art and infuses his life with creativity. With an interest in many types of art, including writing poetry and fiction, writing lesbian folk songs and singing along with his guitar, photography, film, dance, ceramics and sculpture, many forms of two dimensional art, comics (duh), and an endless variety of others, he will begin studying at the Massachusetts College of Art in the fall of 2003 and hopes to play and explore with all types of art until he finds his niche. He turns his art into activism and his activism into art, and he is committed to following his dreams and the fight for equality.

Let me know what you think at:
j7dugan@yahoo.com



GENDER FUCK ME

Copyright 2003

by

Jess Dugan

j7dugan@yahoo.com